Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVIII. No. 2 | MONTREAL, JANUARY 9, 1903. | 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'Take my Life, and Let it be.'

(Dr. L. F. Benson, in 'The Wellspring.')

The Story of the Hymn.

The hymn of Frances Ridley Havergal records a deep experience in her own spiritual life. It was her way to be perfectly outspoken about such matters, because she thought her frankness would prove helpful to others. And after her death her family, no doubt for the same reason, opened to the world the last reserves of her soul, and printed her most intimate letters and conversations. We are thus relieved of any sense of intrusion in our study of the hymn.

Toward the close of the year 1873 a little book that came into Miss Havergal's hands awakened within her great longings for unreached depths of spiritual experience and a fuller entrance into God's peace. It was not long before she received what she called 'The blessing,' that lifted her whole nature into sunshine, and threw an uninterrupted gladness over the remaining years of her life. 'It was on Advent Sunday, December 2, 1873,' she wrote her sister, 'I first saw clearly the blessedness of true consecration. I saw it as a flash of electric light, and what you see, you can never unsee. There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness. God admits you by the one into the other.' It is this full surrender of herself to which she then attained that is recorded and expressed in the hymn.

The hymn was written, while on a visit to Arely House, on February 4, 1874. Miss Havergal afterwards gave the following account of the circumstances: 'Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, "Take my life." I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, "Lord, give me all in this house!" And he just did! Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit, I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart one after another, till they finished with, "Ever, only, all for Thee!" '

Miss Havergal had her own characteristic way of writing hymns; and here again it will be best to let her speak for herself: 'Writing is praying with me, for I never seem to write even a verse by myself, and feel like a little child writing; you know a child would look up at every sentence and say, "'And what shall I say next?" That is just what I do; I ask that at every line he would give me, not merely thoughts and power, but also every word, even the very rhyme. Very often I have a most distinct and happy consciousness of direct answers.'

Miss Havergal's way was not that of a literary artist, but all her work glows with a spiritual beauty reflected from her own personality. Her hymns have proved abundantly helpful to the spiritual life of others, and for more than this she did not ask.

The Author of the Hymn.

It has been said of Miss Havergal that she was born in an atmosphere of hymns. Her father, the Rev. William Henry Havergal, certainly wrote many, but is now best remembered for his services to church music and by his tunes 'Evan,' 'Zoan,' 'Patmos,' and others. She was baptized by another hymn-writer, the Rev. John Cawood, author of 'Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices?' and 'Almighty God, Thy Word is Cast.'

Miss Havergal was born in the rectory of the little English village of Astley, December 14, 1836. The family removed to the city of Worcester in 1845, when her father became rector of one of its churches. The story of her child life there, its joys

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

and griefs, and the beginnings of her work for others in the Sunday-school and 'The Flannel Petticoat Society,' Miss Havergal herself has told other children in her 'The Four Happy Days.' She went away, first to an English school, under whose strong religious influences she began 'to have conscious faith and hope in Christ' and afterwards to a school in Germany.

With a real love of learning and an ambition to make the most of herself, she carried on her studies until she became a very accomplished woman. She was at home in Hebrew and Greek as well as in modern languages. In music she cultivated her special gift to such a degree that she was sought after as a solo singer in public concerts; and she became a brilliant performer on the piano. How she did it may be gathered from her poem 'The Moonlight Sonata.' Her own sense of power in her music, and the delight of public applause, enforced the advice from professional sources that she make music her career. She knew, too, that she held the pen of a ready writer and the promise of poetic achievement; and when there is added the influence upon her of marked social attentions evoked by the charm of her personality, and quickening her natural fondness for life and gaiety, it will readily be understood that for a while the precise turn her life would take seemed somewhat problematical.

But it was never really in question. Love and service were the only ideals that could satisfy her nature, and to these she yielded herself so completely as to efface all other ambitions. Her gifts were thenceforward 'Kept for the master's use.' She considered literal 'Singing for Jesus' her most direct mission from him, and after 1873 sang nothing but sacred music, and that only for spiritual purposes. Her great work was that of personal spiritual influence upon others, and was carried forward to the extreme limit of her strength, by writing many leaflets and books of prose and poetry, by personal interviews, addresses, teaching, society work, and correspondence. Many of her hymns were written for a hymn book, 'Songs of Grace and Glory,' of which she was one of the editors. She also edited her father's Psalmody, after his death in 1870.

Miss Havergal's later years were spent at Leamington, her last days at Caswell Bay, Swansea, Wales, where she had gone for rest. She died on June 3, 1879, in the forty-third year of her age, and was buried in the Astley churhyard beside her father and close to the church and home of her childhood.

The proper use to make of a hymn such as this deserves more thought than it gets. Miss Havergal herself meant just what she said in these verses, and often made personal use of them to see how far her actual living measured up to their standard:—

'I had a great time early this morning, renewing the never regretted consecration. I seemed lead to run over the "Take my life," and could bless him verse by verse for having led me on to much more definite consecration than even when I wrote it, voice, gold, intellect, etc. But the eleventh couplet, "love,"—that has been unconsciously not filled up. Somehow I felt mystified and out of my depth here: it was a simple and definite thing to be done, to settle the voice, or silver and gold! but "love"? I have to love others, and I do; and I've not a small treasure of it, and even loving in him does not quite meet the inner difficulty. . . . I don't see much clearer, or feel much different; but I have said intensely this morning, "Take my love," and he knows I have.' (From her letter of Dec. 2, 1878.)

Miss Havergal also made much use of the hymn in her consecration meetings:—

'At the close of the meeting, my sister gave to each one a card with her Consecration hymn, specially prepared and printed for this evening. Her own name was omitted, and a blank space left for signature. As she gave the cards, she asked them to make that hymn a test before God, and if they could really do so, to sign it on their knees at home. Then the hymn was sung.' (From a memorandum of Miss M. V. G. Havergal, April 17, 1879.)

No one will question the fitness of the words for such uses. But to encourage a promiscuous assembly or Sunday-school to sing them, without special spiritual pre-

paration or without any common purpose or feeling corresponding to them, is open to more question. The two sides of the question may be presented in this way. It may be urged, on the one hand, that it is no better to make to God promises we do not intend to keep, or to express feelings we do not have, in song than it is in speech, and that such singing breeds insincerity. It may be argued on the other that it is proper to sing hymns expressing purposes more definite than our actual resolutions and feelings deeper than those actually moving us, because the hymn expresses the ideal we should aim at, and singing the hymn keeps the ideal before us, and encourages us to attempt to attain it.

Letter from India.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Mukti, Kedgaon, P.O. Poona Dist., India.

Dear Friend,—I am long in sending my Annual Report this year, but hope to do so soon. I had to encounter a great many difficulties and as the work of God's grace is advancing in our midst, the devil is trying his best to stop it in many ways. More than fifteen hundred of our baptized Christian girls are having regular Bible instruction, but it must be remembered that they are, as yet, babes in Christ and must be fed on milk, they are not able to take solid food. My fellow-workers and I realize more and more, that our responsibility in regard to bringing these girls up in the fear of God, is a very great one. We workers here need your prayers to uphold us in this difficult work. The Lord has put the thought in my mind to request you to pray for at least one of my girls and for as many of us workers as you can, and I know the Lord will answer your prayer. My girls and all of us workers here want to be baptized with the Holy Spirit and be faithful unto death. These are very trying times, so we need your prayers and sympathy more than ever. There is much sickness in the Homes, because most of our girls, when brought from the famine districts, were in a very bad state of health. They are as well cared for as it lies in our power and within our means to do. For a time the majority of them get to look well and strong, but the changes of weather affect them very much and they often suddenly go down in health. Many of them have died and we mourn their loss deeply, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that they had learnt to love the Saviour of sinners as their best friend, and they fell asleep in his gentle arms without struggle or fear. You who have prayed for them and helped me to feed them, will have the joy of meeting them in heaven, when you and I go to be for ever with the Lord.

Believe me, yours in the joyous service of Christ, RAMABAI.

MUKTI MISSION.

The Mukti Mission is a purely undenominational evangelical Christian Mission designed to reach and help high-caste Hindu widows, deserted wives and orphans from all parts of India. It aims at training the young women and girls sheltered in Mukti Home, mentally, morally and spiritually. Everything is done to enlighten the women and girls who come to this home. After receiving a thorough training for some years, they go out as teachers or Bible Women to work in different missions and many of them get married and settle happily in their own homes.

Friends desiring to help in this work of God are asked to interest as many of their friends in this mission as they can, to pray regularly for it. The Mukti Mission depends wholly upon God. Friends are therefore urged to pray earnestly for it that the Lord may make all grace abound toward it, that it having all sufficiency in all things may abound to every good work.

God's children who desire to pray for it need not consider themselves under any obligation to pay money toward its support. The founder of this mission knows and has proved that, God answers prayer. The prayers of God's people are more precious than silver and gold. The friends who are unable to give anything toward the support of this mission may be sure that God will answer their prayers and provide everything necessary for the work.

Any Christian desiring to help this mission is requested to pray daily for the workers and the founder that they may live and work in this mission always doing the good will of God, 'giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed: but in all things approving' themselves 'as the ministers of God.'

Any friends interested will greatly help by getting at least ten other friends to pray for the work. Such Prayer Circles can be easily organized without any rules, simply by asking each member to pray for Mukti Mission daily, and for one of the girls whose names are given in the list; that the girl named may be saved to the uttermost and be baptized with the Holy Spirit, that she may devote her whole life to God's service and, kept by his power, be faithful unto death.

Friends are requested also to unite with the members of the Mukti Church, on the first Tuesday of every month, in special prayer:—

1. That all orphans, homeless women, widows and girls in India may be rescued and placed under the wise management of godly Christian people.

2. That all of them may be converted and saved to the uttermost, and not one of them go astray.

3. That those who become their foster parents may realize their responsibility and faithfully discharge their duty according to God's commandment.

4. That all Indian Christians may be truly converted and turn to God, and walk in the footsteps of our Saviour.

5 That they may be filled with the Holy Spirit and that the Lord of the harvest may send forth many of them as laborers into his harvest. Matt. ix., 38.

6. That the whole Indian Church may become a great evangelizing agency so that the Gospel may be given to every man, woman and child in India by the Christians as freely as they have received it.

Promises to be claimed:—

'I say unto you; that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them.' Matt. xviii., 19-20.

'And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive.' Matt. xxi., 22.

Any other information in regard to Mukti Mission may be obtained by addressing a letter or Post Card to the Superintendent of the Mission, Ramabai, Mukti, Kedgaon, Poona District, India.

Doing No Harm.

The story has been told of a soldier who was missed amid the bustle of a battle, and no one knew what had become of him; but they knew that he was not in the ranks. As soon as opportunity offered, the officer went in search of him, and to his surprise found that the man during the battle had been amusing himself in a flower-garden! When it was demanded what he did there, he excused himself by saying, 'Sir, I am doing no harm.' But he was tried, convicted and shot.

What a sad but true picture this is of many who waste their time and neglect their duty, and who could give their God, if demanded, no better answer than, 'Lord, I am doing no harm'!—'Gospel Trumpet.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

THE WITNESS.

The 'Witness' (Daily and Weekly) gives all the news that is worthy the attention of the average reader. It keeps its readers well informed on all subjects of interest. The cable, the telegraph, and the telephone, together with a staff of competent editors and reporters, all unite to make its news columns second to none.

The 'Witness' editorial pages are acknowledged by its readers on all sides to be both fair and forceful.

Reliable commercial news and quotations of the money, stock and produce markets are features that make it of great value in the world of commerce and finance.

The 'Witness' special departments such as 'The Home,' 'Literary Review,' 'Letters from Readers,' 'Boys' Page,' 'Children's Corner,' 'Queries,' 'Agricultural,' 'Horticultural,' 'Veterinary,' 'Poultry,' 'Pets,' 'Medical,' 'Legal,' 'Numismatic,' 'Chess,' etc., etc., are ably conducted by specialists at a large expense, offering a most valuable privilege to 'Witness' readers.

In 1846 the 'Witness' was started by the late John Dougall, and its aim was to supply the Dominion of Canada with the best possible newspaper. One which would always keep in mind high ideals and be 'for God and Home and Native Land.' The 'Witness' has grown since then. Modern machinery and present possibilities have made great improvements inevitable. But it has never outgrown the principles that are, so to say, engraved on its corner stone.

Few papers have had a continuous existence for so long a period. Fewer still have held to the same principles and have been controlled by the same family for anything like so long a time. The result is that the 'Witness' enjoys a certain constituency that cannot be tempted to leave it in favor of any other publication on any consideration whatever.

A newspaper published on the 'Witness' lines needs the support of those who are willing to pay its subscription price for the reason that it voluntarily foregoes in the interest of its subscribers much revenue from pernicious advertisements, etc., that other publications accept regardless of their readers.

The 'Witness' is certainly unique among the great metropolitan newspapers of the world.

The Daily Witness contains almost everything that appears in the Weekly, and has, of course, the advantage of bringing you the news every day.
$3.00 a year

The Weekly Witness contains the best that appears in the 'Daily Witness,' besides giving somewhat more attention to agriculture and farmers' interests generally.
$1.00 a year.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Owlings.

(L. J. Bridgman, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.')

Says Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard College: 'There is a common notion, one unhappily shared by many able students of nature and by the most of those who regard themselves as naturalists, that by entering this profession they become in some manner curiously enlightened as to the mysteries of the universe—in a way, made free to form safe judgments concerning all that goes on in that realm. There is

THE OWLINGS.

much of the ancient notions concerning the powers of priesthood in this claim to far-reaching knowledge, a claim which is too freely accepted as valid.'—'The Individual.'

On a lone little island
  In the broad Pacific sea
Lived a people called the Owlings,
  Who were wise as they could be.

Clinging fast upon some driftwood,
  Floated there a man one day;
And the Owlings asked him questions
  In a scientific way.

'See!' said he, 'my only shipmates
  Drifting on the log with me
Are this squirming caterpillar
  And the butterfly you see!

'They are brothers, and the crawler
  Soon will fly as does his brother.'
This the Owlings heard in silence,
  Then they winked at one another.

They observed the strange insecta,
  Watched the caterpillar crawl;
And they measured even bristles,
  Every part, however small.

Then one day a sage professor
  Said, 'My friends, this crawling thing
Has no sign upon his thorax
  Of beginning of a wing.

'Though we have not seen this species
  In our island, yet we know
That the creature all his lifetime
  On his numerous legs must go.'

So the Owlings all concluded
  That the stranger man had lied.
Any other supposition
  Hurt their scientific pride

But the caterpillar's crawling
  Ceased upon one shining day,
And he wove a curious basket
  Where he stowed himself away.

'Ah!' the Owlings said serenely,
  ''Tis a very pretty death!
He is absolutely done for
  There is neither life nor breath!'

Said the stranger, 'Wait yet longer,
  And see what this thing will do.'
Then they waited. To their wonder,
  All the stranger's words came true

At the butterfly above them
  All the Owlings gazed intent,
Said the stranger, 'There are some things
  More than scale and measurement!'

The 'Rainbow's' New Member.

(Grace Willis, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

Three pairs of black legs dangled from the edge of the veranda.

'Let's have a club,' proposed Josephine White, the owner of the longest pair.

'What for?' asked Beulah Brown.

'For fun.'

Joyce Greene was the smallest of the trio.

'Just us three?' she queried.

'Yes, just us three,' answered Josephine. 'I think it would be nice; for we go together, you know, and our houses are all in a row——'

'Hear her make poetry!' exclaimed Beulah.

'We could meet and bring our patchwork, and then,—oh, I know just the very thing! You know, Aunt Alice is matron in the Children's Hospital in the city, and she could tell us something to do for the children. Won't that be lovely?'

'And what would our name be?' asked Joyce.

'The Rainbow,' suggested Josephine, 'because our last names are all the names of colors.'

'But a rainbow isn't brown and white and green,' protested Joyce.

'That wouldn't matter. Shall we do it, girls?'

'Yes,' replied the two.

So the club was started.

Aunt Alice wrote a beautiful letter in response to Josephine's, and told the girls how they could make scrap-books by pasting in children's stories that they could cut from their papers, with plenty of bright pretty pictures, and how they could each ask for a place in their own yards to plant seed, and have a garden for the hospital, and send flowers packed in damp cotton.

That was in the early spring, and the girls grew enthusiastic, and the neighbors learned about the club and were interested, and contributed many new pieces for the patchwork blocks the girls were making, which were to be made into a quilt for a certain cot in one corner of a ward.

After the first box of flowers had been sent to the city (and they had to draw from the big gardens, for their little ones did not yield enough), Aunt Alice wrote that the club was very happily named the 'Rainbow,' for they brightened the long hours for the little sick children.

There were four pretty, white houses in a row in the little village, and it was a matter of no little comment and amusement among the villagers that the names of the owners of three of them should happen to be the names of colors. Mr. White built his house first, and then Mr. Greene and Mr. Brown and Mr. Hubbard built houses just like his; but Mr. Hubbard moved away soon after the house had been completed, and it was 'For Sale or For Rent' ever since. That was the house at the west end of the row.

The three little girls who lived in the houses were very fond of each other, and the club prospered. There weren't any other houses very near theirs, except a big grey one across the road; but there were no children there, and the girls felt very cosy and select with their meetings and good time.

No matter how often they met during the week, they never failed to meet Saturday afternoon, with their patchwork; and so it happened that the three sat on the edge of the shady side veranda of the Greene house one warm summer afternoon, beating their heels against the lattice-work, and doing very little sewing; for there was an important topic up, and they were rather excited.

'Theron told me, last night, at the store,' repeated Josephine, 'that he knew for sure that a man had bought the Hubbard house, and was going to live there. And his name is Pratt.'

The house had been empty for so long that the coming of a stranger was regarded almost as an intrusion.

'And supposing there should be a little girl in the family,—do you think we ought to invite her to join the club?' asked Joyce timidly.

'I should say not, Joyce Greene!' returned Josephine. 'Do you think we would want to spoil our "Rainbow" by having a "Pratt" in it? What kind of a color is that, I should like to know?'

'Oh! but if she should live so close to us, she would feel hurt if we didn't ask her,' remonstrated Beulah. 'But it would be kind of horrid to have a girl in it that didn't have a color for a name.'

'Jos'phine, if you lived in another city, and came here to live in that empty house, and there should be three girls who had a club, and they left you out, and had a

good time all by themselves, do you think you would feel nice?' asked Joyce triumphantly.

'I suppose not,' admitted Josephine. 'But none of the other girls in the school belong, and why should she expect to, just because she lives in our row?'

'Maybe there won't be any girl in the family,' suggested Beulah. 'Let's not talk about it.'

But they could not put the thought out of their minds. Joyce was strongly in favor of asking the new girl to join, though she was always timid in expressing her opinion. Josephine was strongly opposed to it, while Beulah wavered from one side to the other.

'I don't think it's nice to be cliquey,' said Joyce.

'Well, well, I——' began Josephine.

But at that moment Mrs. White, hearing her little daughter's voice raised to a rather high pitch, and fearing trouble, came out of her back door, and called to the girls that she was making cookies, and invited them to come and get some. So the three hopped down from the veranda, and scampered across the wide yard and into the Whites' back door, where Josephine's wise mother filled their hands with cookies, and the dangerous subject was dropped for the rest of the afternoon.

On the next Saturday, they met at the Brown house, on the opposite end of the empty house.

'Some boxes came to-day,' said Joyce, whose house was next to the empty one, 'and they say the family are coming Monday. Mr. Pratt was there for a while to-day, unpacking things, and putting down carpets.'

'I went to the store on purpose to see Theron,' announced Josephine, 'to find out if he knew anything about the new family, and he said he didn't; but he thought he heard Lem Barnes say there was a man and his wife and a little girl.'

'There! I knew there would be one!' ejaculated Beulah. 'What shall we do, girls?'

'I move we vote,' exclaimed Josephine. 'All in favor of asking the new girl to join say "Ay."'

'Ay,' responded Joyce rather softly.

'All opposed say "No,"' she added, and immediately voted in a loud voice 'No.'

'Beulah Brown, why didn't you vote?' she demanded irritably.

'Because I don't know which way I want to vote,' answered Beulah, lamely. They talked about it for a long time, and finally Beulah sided with Joyce, and they both tried their persuasions on Josephine, but could not move her an inch. When they separated, Josephine was more stubborn than ever, and announced, as she walked across the lawn to her own house:

'I just tell you one thing, girls. If you ask that Pratt girl to join the "Rainbow," I'll resign—now!'

That was the greatest disagreement the 'Rainbow' had ever had, and for the first time it looked very much like disruption.

Half-past eight was bedtime for each of the three girls, but the little girl in the white house went to bed with wide-awake eyes and a busily working mind.

'What makes Jo so cross to-night?' asked Mr. White of his wife, after their daughter had gone upstairs.

'I don't know,' answered Mrs. White wearily. 'I don't know what to make of her this afternoon.'

At ten o'clock they were just putting away their magazines, and were about to turn out the lights, when a white-robed figure, with a very sober face, appeared.

'Why, Josie!' exclaimed Mrs. White.

'I want to go over to Joy's. I want to tell her something,' said Josephine evasively.

'You must go right back to bed, my child. This is nonsense,' said Mr. White firmly.

'But I must go, papa,' pleaded Josephine. 'I—I want to tell her that I want to ask the new girl to join,' and then the whole story came out.

So they bundled up the penitent child, and with her hand in her father's, she skipped across the lawn, and they knocked at the Greene's side door. Mr. Greene opened it immediately. He had just come out to lock it for the night. Mr. White stated their errand, and Josephine went quickly upstairs alone. She knew just where to find Joyce, and crept up and laid her hand gently on the face of the sleeping child.

'Joy,' she said, smoothing it.

Joyce stirred uneasily.

'Joy!'

'What?' came in a sleepy tone.

'Joy, dear, I'm willing to ask the Pratt girl to join the "Rainbow." I want to, Joy. I'd feel mean if we didn't. I'm sorry I acted so.'

'All right,' answered Joy, turning over, and so nearly asleep was she that she did not realize until the next morning what Jo had said.

On Monday the new family came, and in the afternoon Joyce and her mother called on them to make them feel at home, and to see if there was anything they could do for them.

At five o'clock Joyce came tumbling across the yard, and into the White's side door.

'Jo!' she exclaimed, 'I've got something lovely to tell you. Call a special meeting right away.'

And, without waiting for more, Josephine was after Beulah. She appeared on the veranda with her in a moment, and the two looked at radiant Joy in anticipation.

'Mamma and I went to see them, the new family,' she explained, 'and they're lovely. The little girl is just as old as we are, and she came from the city, and she's been sick a long time, and she's been in Aunt Alice's hospital, and she's seen our scrap-books and had some of our flowers, and she wants to join the "Rainbow," and she's the sweetest girl! And her mother is dead, and Mrs. Pratt is her aunt, and——'

Joyce paused, almost out of breath, and looked solemnly at the two as if to weigh the effect of the momentous words she was about to utter.

'Her name is Bessie Lavender!'

General Wheeler was talking with Mr. Schwab, head of the great steel combine, and he asked him, 'Is it true that in these big corporations, other things being equal, the man is promoted who neither drinks nor smokes?' Mr. Schwab answered that that is the invariable rule in dealing with the two or three hundred thousand employees under him. 'When two men,' he said, 'are otherwise equal, the one that does not drink or smoke is the more valuable.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

Teaching Children.

(By Daisy Bell.)

To be a successful teacher of children, the first and greatest requisite is to understand child-nature. In making a study of that nature, we notice first, the teachableness of the child. He is very ready to receive knowledge, and, if given in a way to interest him, will drink in more than we are apt to think. This should be an encouragement for the teacher.

Next, may come imitation. No teacher needs to be told that every child tries to imitate those whom he admires or who are his elders. Then set the child a good example. Be a model in the many little things that make up the life of the refined Christian man or woman. If you bear in mind that little eyes are watching you, it will help you.

Then, a youthful mind usually has before it an ideal of future greatness. Open the eyes of the boy who wishes to be a very Hercules in strength, or of the girl who longs to climb to the top of the ladder of learning, to see that moral greatness is the first and great thing to be desired.

And the child's character is influenced not only by example and ideal but also by environment. Do what you can to make the surroundings of the child pleasant for the one hour a week for which you are responsible. Get the children to help you to make the schoolroom attractive. Bouquets and pots of growing plants, and even vines from the woods, may be used to advantage. Favorite pictures from the colored picture-roll may adorn the walls. Make changes, for little ones love variety. The many teachers whose school-room is only a corner of a little country church, cannot do these things. They, however, must not forget to keep the atmosphere always pleasant by a bright and pleasing personality. If it is true that youthful associations are never forgotten, the little ones will remember their school-room, and in after years, when they have perhaps great need of them, the lessons that seem to make so little impression now will come back to them. But what child-nature needs most of all is your personal love and sympathy. Every teacher is a missionary, and the true missionary must make each of those in his charge feel that he is interested in them; that he sorrows when they sorrow, and is glad when good comes to them. And he cannot inspire this feeling unless he really loves them.

As a last word to all teachers, I would say 'Do not look for immediate results. This is one of the hardest lessons to be learned, but if you are to keep up faith and hope in your work, you must remember this, for it is seldom "till after many days," and, very often, never, in this life, that "the bread cast upon the waters," shall return.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00, for Great Britain, Montreal and foreign countries, except United States, add 50 cts. for postage.

Aunt Maria's Outing

(Mary Lowe Dickinson, in 'The American Messenger.')

The janitor's wife put them on the dumbwaiter together—the small brown loaf, the can of milk and the letter, and as she started them on their upward journey she blew a strong breath into the mouth of the seventh-floor whistle.

Then the seventh-floor slide opened and Miss Maria Perkins—Aunt Maria, her relatives called her—put forth a somewhat wrinkled hand and took in her trio of treasures. She did not put forth her head, though the waiter, being dumb, could never have whispered that her hair was in crimping pins. With all their severity of outline, they could not rob the face below of a certain generous sweetness and grace that had outlived sixty years of many sorrows, much worry and more hard work.

She was in haste this morning, and her coffee was already boiling over the little oil-stove, that saved the price of the gas; yet something of an old-time dignity and sense of fitness would not let her take her breakfast till the crimping pins were out and the dressing gown replaced by the shirt-waist, fastened at the throat by the pin that held a braided knot of her father's and mother's hair.

When she was ready she laid the evening paper, and over that a fresh napkin, on the tiny round table and set it in the window and proceeded to take her breakfast, keeping the precious letter as a child keeps its cake, for the last sweet bite, and giving it a little loving pat now and then as she sipped her coffee, with her eyes on the one tree-top of which her window gave a view.

Why shouldn't she wait, indeed, and postpone the pleasure of the hour. She knew the handwriting well. It was that of her precious nephew, more than a son to her, if one counted by what mothers give to sons. If she got back less than sons give to mothers what matter, since not being a mother she could not be supposed to know her due? More than this, Aunt Maria had never known how to measure love or anything else by what she got. Her life had been to give, and this boy, the only child of her only sister, had never ceased to profit by her giving.

There was a little romance—perhaps she was thinking about it with her eyes in the tree-top—that had made it even more a joy to give her money as long as she had any, and her work afterward, to Joe, now the Rev. Joseph Hinman. The fact was, the boy was like his father, and his father had been her closest friend until her younger sister's beauty made him a lover and husband, without either of them knowing that gain to them meant a cruel ending to Aunt Maria's dream.

When the elder Joseph went 'off to the wars' and never came back again, and his young wife drifted slowly away to the land where everybody said, in consolation, that she was 'better off,' how natural that Aunt Maria should fall to spending her substance and herself on little Joe. It was she who nursed him through measles and paid his way through college. She could not bear to have him do anything but preach the gospel, and, bright woman though she was, never suspected, till she heard him preach, what his listeners would have to bear. She had devoted herself to him, notwithstanding the fact that he had formed an early attachment elsewhere, with the result that a wife and two children were the adjuncts of his theological course.

When he had received his first appointment, he had also a parsonage, and Aunt Maria took a three-room flat on the seventh-floor back of a New York city house that saved itself from being called a tenement by the dumbwaiter at the back, and the letter box and whistle calls at the front.

And now in addition to wife and babies and first charge and first parsonage, Joe was to have his first vacation. Some kind parishioner had given him the use of a cottage in the wilderness, not too far from a trout brook, and within easy reach of a 'view'; and in the first flush of his good fortune he had written and told Aunt Maria to have her trunk all ready to join them at the Junction when his letter settling the date should come.

And her trunk was packed, and the little flat swept and garnished, and the last scrap of food eaten, that no hospitality might linger to tempt a wandering mouse—and here was the letter.

How nice it was of Joe to remember that the summer was one of almost cruel heat. Dear fellow, he never waited a day to summon her out of it. She never remembered the helpless, untrained wife, the children who needed such constant care, the new house to be arranged, the constant work that had always been her happy portion. She was not young any more, nor very strong, and the scorching heat of the early summer had pulled her down, but she was so glad to go. She would be near Joe, and she would see the trees and the sky and breathe the air that had no city smell. Yes, she was very happy.

And then she read the letter:

'Dear Aunt Maria,—I'm awfully sorry to have to say our plans are changed. My wife's mother and sister have decided to spend the time at the cottage with us, and she says she doesn't see how we can possibly stretch it to take in even one more. I told her you would be worth both the others in helping with the work and the children, and if anybody got sick she'd be thankful enough to send for you. But in domestic matters a man's views don't seem to have any weight. Mrs. Jones, my wife's mother, wanted to go a few days earlier, and by the time this reaches you you may think of us as settled. I do hope I'll get some good fishing, for I am greatly in need of a change and rest.

'I may get away a week before the family, and finish up with a few days in New York. If I do, I shall see you.

'Your affectionate nephew, 'JOE.'

So this was the answer to her longing for green fields and a great broad stretch of the sky. This was the end of her hope for escape from the exhausting heat so bravely and patiently borne. Yet, as she sat there with no sign of her disappointment except a faint quiver of the lips, it was not the thought of field or sky or heat or cold that hurt her so. It was not that his wife wanted her mother—that was natural and right—but Joe, it was all the same to Joe, her boy, except for the fact that she was better for the children and the work. Not one thought of her need of change—not one remembrance that his parsonage was so sweet a home because her little flat was stripped so bare of all she thought that they could need—not one thought of counting her in as one of them. For a moment that torture that comes to the old—the temptation to feel no one loves or cares for or has need of them—came nearer to her brave heart than it had ever been, and the weakness of self-pity almost had its way. The next she had taken the remains of the loaf—cut thin to go in her travelling bag—and pressed them together and put them in the tin box. With a certain air of resolute business purpose she blew her whistle and asked the janitress to tell iceman and milkman to leave their wares as usual. She unpacked her trunk and shook and smoothed every crease in the one new dress that she had bought at such a bargain, and made with her own hands, that she might not seem too old fashioned to be in Joe's house with Joe's young wife.

And when it was all done, it was still so early and the day would be so hot and long. It was too hot to go out. It was too utterly desolate to stay at home. Kneeling before her trunk, she took out her well-worn Bible. 'What is it,' she asked, 'that it says about the shadow of a great rock?' Seated on the floor she found the verse, and then another; 'A strength to the poor—a refuge from the storm—a shadow from the heat—a hiding place from the wind—a covert from the tempest—as rivers of water in a dry place' —then on and on, one precious word after another—she grew as eager as if she were searching for gold.

As one hid treasure after another unfolded, the grey head bowed and the bitter sting and pain went out of her wound, and she no more cared for what had come to her. She only remembered the infinite patience of the Christ who cared enough for this poor, shallow-hearted boy to bear with him until he, too, should learn in turn to know the real, true meaning of love. When she began to pray she asked, 'Spare me the pain of ingratitude, of lack of love.' As her vision cleared, she prayed, 'Spare him the awful loss of not knowing how to love or how to serve his Lord or his fellow-men. Open his eyes to see, enlarge his heart to feel,' she pleaded, 'and if ever I can help, use me.'

In the quiet hush that followed it was given her to see that he who loved her spoiled boy, and had him in training, did not wish this summer that she should go on indulging and spoiling him, becoming really not the helpful but the harmful servant of all. She wanted to spare Joe and Joe's wife all care and work and worry. God let them choose the better thing for them—the hard lesson of getting on without Aunt Maria—a lesson that taught them her value and their own selfishness as nothing else could have done.

Joe had such a training in self-control and service for others in the experience which this cottage summer gave him, as was worth to his Christian manhood a year of Aunt Maria's pampering. And when the time came, as come it did before the summer closed, that both Joe and Joe's wife begged her to come and make her home with them, she wrote:

'You know how I love you, Joe. You know what a temptation it is to me to come into your home and live over again for your children the life I lived for you. But as I am sure much of that life was a hurt to your manhood, I must not extend it to another generation. God is overruling my mistakes, and making you a true

servant, worthy to minister in his name. For myself, I close the little flat in October. There has come to me an opportunity to spend a year abroad with a lady with whom I have been doing work among the very poor all summer. Together, this lady and myself are going to study the conditions of the poor, preparatory to better work here in after years. I have found my place. God closed the way to my outing with you. He has opened the way into new fields of work.

'When I have done his work and his will, perhaps he will let me come back to you. I believe I shall find that he has led you, too—first into the secret places where he reveals himself by his spirit to those who love him—and thence out into the larger places where you shall be a co-worker with God.'

The Seagull.

(Julia Goddard, in 'Our Dumb Animals.')

The sky was blue on a summer day,
And the sea was blue below;
And the seagulls, whose wings flashed gleaming white,
Were swooping to and fro.

The boatmen rested upon their oars,
And the marksman took his gun,
And he said, 'My love wants a seagull's plume,
And I will get her one.'

He lifted his gun, he shot—and lo!
With a thud upon the deck,
Fell the white-winged bird, whilst a scarlet stream
Dripped from its wounded neck.

'A fine young bird! I've had good luck,'
Quoth the marksman, in great glee;
Whilst round the boat hovered the parent bird,
And ever nearer came she.

She uttered many a plaintive cry;
She would not her young forsake.
'O marksman! marksman! your heart must be hard
If pity you do not take.'

The marksman he raised his gun again,
But the brave bird did not care;
She was robbed of her nestling; she followed on—
Ah! say if its fate she will share?

'O marksman! marksman! a love so great
Should with tenderest pity meet,'
But the marksman aimed, and the marksman fired,
And the bird fell at his feet.

Two happy creatures that God had made
To play o'er the restles sea!
Thank God, O reader, that he who fired
Was neither you nor me!

Oh, fair ones who wear the seagull's plumes,
And think that in feathers you're fine,
lose your ears when barbarous Fashion speaks,
And think of this tale of mine.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Mrs. Gray's Opportunities.

('Missionary Paper.')

Mrs. Gray had been dusting her cosy parlor, and as she viewed the result with a satisfied air was turning to leave the room when her eye fell on an illuminated text hung on the wall. 'As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men,' she read slowly and half aloud. And then, as a sudden idea seemed to strike her. 'Why, that was the text last Sunday morning! And how much the minister did make of that word "opportunity"! I wish had opportunity as that rich Mrs. Dee has, how I should love to do good! but then I haven't'; and Mrs. Gray's conscience, which was one of the convenient kind and never impertinently asserted itself, subsided into its usual silence. It seemed, however, that on this particular day it was not to have its usual quiet rest, for its owner had no sooner laid off dusting-cap and apron and taken her seat at the sewing-machine than she suddenly exclaimed, 'Why, this is the day for the meeting of our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society! But then,' as she glanced dubiously out at shivering trees and fast-falling flakes, 'I can't think of going out in such a storm. No one would dream of going out to-day! If it were fine I would go and get ready now, as I never have time after dinner, with my dishes all to do and meeting at two o'clock. I wonder why they have it so early, anyway! Just see how it snows! And then Gertie has got to have this apron to-morrow. Her old ones are getting so short for her that she looks like a fright in them. How she does grow, to be sure! There's no use trying to keep up with her. And her last winter's flannels are of no use at all. I wish some one had them who needs them. But who wants to go about offering cast-off things to people, not knowing but they may take it as an insult? Well, I couldn't go if it were ever so pleasant. "Charity begins at home";' and Mrs. Gray's machine buzzed on as though it were a living thing. But the timid conscience made one more effort to be heard, and faintly murmured something about each Christian woman having in her hands the destiny of two hundred heathen women, facts whch the conscience had learned at the missionary meeting; but the whiz of the machine was louder than the whispers of conscience, and the latter modestly retired from the field.

A few minutes before two on that stormy afternoon, Widow Holbrook and her bachelor son drove into town. 'I don't know as it's much use, mother,' John was saying, as the team stopped in front of Mrs. Gray's door. 'As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good to all men,' was the low-voiced reply. 'And to all women, too, eh?' said John with a laugh, as he sprang from the sleigh. In another minute Mrs. Gray, who had just set away the last of the dinner dishes, was startled by a rap at the door. 'How d' y' do, Miss Gray,' said John as the door opened. 'Mother sent me in to see 'f you'd like to ride down to missionary meetin' 'long with us.' 'Thank you very much, John. I would go in a minute if I was ready.' 'Haint made yer ca'culation on goin', eh?' said John, as he swept a keen glance at Mrs. Gray's calico dress and also took in the little clock on the mantel, which pointed to five minutes of two. 'Mother, now, all'us makes her ca'culations over night, and she'd as soon miss her vict-'als any time as to miss the missionary meetin'. I dunno what makes her so interested in them heathen away over there in Indy, but some way she is. Well, I musn't make her late. Sorry you can't go, Miss Gray,' and John was off. Mrs. Gray's afternoon dress was quickly on, and as she sat down again to her sewing she said to herself, 'Well, Jonh's a good fellow, if he is old-fashioned; and he gave me a good bit of advice. I ought to have been ready; but then I really could not go to-day. The minister himself said duty never calls two ways at once, and I'm sure it's my duty to see that my child has clothes, rather than to be looking after the heathen.'

Another rap at Mrs. Gray's door. This time it was a boy with a note from Mrs. Wealthy, an acquaintance of Mrs. Gray's girlhood, and one she specially valued, possibly partly for the reason that Mrs. Wealthy was a lady of high social position.

'Dear Carrie,' the note ran; 'my cousin, Dr. Holmes, has just driven over with his young wife, from B., in this storm, for fun, they say. . . . I want you to meet her. She is very sweet and stylish. So just leave word for Mr. Gray and Gertie to come, and run over for the afternoon and tea. Don't mind the storm, but come right along. Yours, SUE W.'

Do you think Mrs. Gray sent regrets saying that she dared not venture out in such a storm, and, besides, Gertie must have her aprons? If you do, you don't know Mrs. Gray. What she did was to send the hasty reply, 'All right, I'll be there,' make an elaborate toilet, and armed with gossamer and rubbers take her way to her friend's house, a little farther, by the way, from her home than the place of the missionary meeting—and in the pleasant whirl of that pleasant afternoon conscience never once spoke.

The missionary meeting was not well attended that day. The minister's wife was there of course. She had to lead the meeting and no one expected a storm to keep her at home. But aside from her, Mother Holbrook, little Mrs. Green, who was as true as clockwork everywhere, Elder Jones's wife, who lived nearby, and a stranger who was visiting the Jones's made up the attendance. Did it? There was another who promised to be there. I wonder if he failed to keep his word! It was a rule of this society never to omit a meeting when two were present, so everything went off as usual, except a paper which was to have been read by Mrs. Gray, on the subject of the month's study, 'Brahmanism,' and as this was the principal paper, her absence made a wide chasm in the programme; but of course 'that didn't make much difference, there were so few there.' As they were about finishing the programme the door opened and Mrs. Dee, who was a prominent member of a sister church, came in. The quick blood rushed to the face of the young president as she welcomed Mrs. Dee and tried to apologize for her scanty flock. Mrs. Dee 'knew it was stormy and cold, and she only came in on an errand. If the president would kindly give her a moment she would make her errand known.' She then told the society of several families of deserving poor whom she had found on the outskirts of the village, and said she had

thought it possible that some of the ladies of the Missionary Society had clothing that had been outgrown by their children, which they would be glad to dispose of if they knew of any who were in need. Just then the strangest thing happened! Before they had time to consider the proposition, indeed, just as Mrs. Dee ceased speaking, the door was again opened, this time to admit the minister and with him a lady, a stranger to all present, and yet—could it be possible this was Miss C., the returned msisionary from India? They had seen her photograph and knew she was in this country. 'Surely the face was just like her pictured one, anyway.' But their doubts were soon settled, as the minister presented her as the veritable missionary of whom they had heard so much. Then, in answer to eager questioning, Miss C. told them she was on her way to attend a district meeting in another state, and learning she must wait in their village two hours for a train she had asked to be taken to the house of the minister; and, finding his wife gone to a missionary meeting, it was the most natural thing in the world to seek her there.

Of course she told them about India; such sad tales about the degradation of women under heathenism as brought tears to their eyes, such glad tales about the joy the gospel was bringing to their sad lives that they praised God as they had never done before. And when at last the missionary must go, and had given to each such a fervent hand-clasp and 'God bless you' as she could never forget, Mother Holbrook said, smiling through her tears, 'What an opportunity! I wouldn't have missed it for anything. How much those have lost that couldn't venture out to-day!' and little Mrs. Green made answer, 'I wonder if we are not responsible for the way we use our opportunities to get good as well as those to do good. I'm sure I shall be worth twice as much to the missionary cause for what I've heard to-day; but then, of course,' she added apologetically, 'the ladies could not know this.'

But Mother Holbrook's gentle but very grave voice responded, 'They did know of an appointment to be here by one greater than Miss C.'

The meeting that day did not close formally, but broke up after the lamps were lighted, amid enthusiastic handshakings and renewed pledges to greater zeal and fidelity to the work. Most naturally, for God's work whether at home or abroad is one, these pledges brought to their remembrance Mrs. Dee's suggestion about outgrown clothing. Mrs. Dee herself had become so interested in the missionary and her work that, as she said, she had quite forgotten what she came for. It happened that but one of those present was blessed with growing little ones, and consequently these ladies had but few such garments, so they arranged to apply to several of their acquaintances; but for some reason Mrs. Gray was not thought of, and Gertie's aprons still lie piled away, growing yellow with age, while her cast-off flannels, which might have kept some poor child warm, are moth-eaten and useless; and, for some reason perhaps not hard to find, Mrs. Gray's missionary enthusiasm, never very great, has been constantly growing less since that eventful day. As we think of Mrs. Gray's experiences and losses on that snowy afternoon some sweet old lines keep singing themselves over and over to us, after this fashion:—

'It is not just as we take it,
This magical life of ours;
Life's field will yield as we make it
A harvest of thorns or of flowers.'

Morning Hymn.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine:
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design to do or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Plodding.

(William Matthews, LL.D., in 'Well-spring.')

'It is the gift of plodding,' said the Dominion's great statesman and premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, recently to a correspondent of 'Success,' in a conversation on the causes of worldly success. 'It is not a popular axiom just now,' he continued, 'when all the world seems in a mad rush; but success comes from plodding. The young man who determines above all things else to become rich, and who closes his eyes to everything but the almighty dollar, who stops at nothing and spares no time or pains in the effort for wealth, but who, at the end of his life, can write his cheque for a million dollars, no doubt considers that he has won success. The scholar who burns the midnight oil, who turns deaf ears to the siren voice of pleasure and buries himself in his books, succeeds in winning knowledge. The statesman who bends every energy toward mastering statecraft is successful in becoming the great leader of his party. They all succeed, and why? Because they have possessed the gift of plodding.'

Sir Wilfrid next spoke of two young men about to be admitted, from a certain school, to the Canadian bar. 'I know them well,' he said. 'One of them is unusually bright; I think I never met a more fortunately equipped lad. He has a most receptive memory, and a pleasing manner of address. He can learn anything he undertakes; and, by consequence, it was an easy matter for him to lead his classes, when he so determined. He has the natural endowment to make a great lawyer; and yet I doubt, I exceedingly doubt, if he will ever become one, because he lacks perseverance. While he begins everything well, he seldom ends anything well. The other lad has no such bright endowments,—none of the flash and brilliancy of the first one; but I feel morally certain that there is a great future before him. He isn't ashamed to plod; he is grit all the way through. He undertakes a matter, and, if it is hard, he grapples with it; he tussles with it, and he sticks to it until he conquers it. He is a French boy, but in his power of perseverance he is thoroughly Scottish, and that is why I say that he will one day become a great jurist. He will succeed, because he has the gift of plodding.' We beg our readers to consider well these thoughtful and suggestive words of the Canadian statesman, which have the more weight because they come from the lips of a brilliant and exceedingly popular public speaker, who would naturally be supposed to attach more value to quickness and dash than to less shining qualities—to the swiftness of the hare than to the staying power of the tortoise.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Dec. 27, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Table and the Empire—'Chambers's Journal,' Edinburgh.
The Afrikander Bond—'The Times,' London.
The Real Irish Grievance—'The Spectator,' London.
Claims Against Venezuela—'Evening Post,' New York.
Agriculture in Denmark—'The Scotsman,' Edinburgh
A New Man—By H. W. Massingham, in 'The Speaker,' London.
Help and Self-Help in Education—New York 'Times.'
Christmas Trees a Sacrifice—Boston 'Transcript.'
'Mr. Dooley' and Women—By F. P. Dunne, in 'Collier's Weekly,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

'Everyman': A Morality Play—Manchester 'Guardian' and 'The Commonwealth,' London.
Leonardo da Vinci—Rome Correspondence of the 'Morning Post,' London.
The Growth of l'Art Nouveau—Prof. A. D. F. Hamlin, in 'The Craftsman,' Syracuse.
Ruskin's notes on Turner—'Daily News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Down Among the People—Poem, 'The War Cry,' London.
The Rowers—By Rudyard Kipling.
Under the Mistletoe Bough—'Punch.'
A Woman of the Eighteenth Century—From 'Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,' by Mary Dormer Harris, in 'The Gentleman's Magazine.'
An Author at Grass—Extracts from the private papers of Henry Ryecroft, edited by George Gissing, in 'The Fortnightly Review,' London. Abridged.
Life of Dr. Martineau—Manchester 'Guardian' and 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Tennyson on a Future Life—'The Pilot,' London.
Favorite Books of 1902—'The Academy and Literature,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Dr. Lorenz and his new method of Surgery—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Professor Milne on Earthquakes—'Morning Post,' London.
A Ride on a Fast Locomotive—'Scientific American,' New York.
A Penny Lunch—'The Commons,' Chicago
Robinson Crusoe's Island—From the 'Journal of the Society of Arts.'

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

'World Wide'

BUT, Subscribers to the 'Messenger' may have 'World Wide' at the specially reduced rate of 75 Cents,

Will be sent to any address for twelve months for $1.00.

by sending this coupon, or they can have the 'Messenger' and 'World Wide' for 12 months on trial, **the two papers for a dollar bill.**
JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

LITTLE FOLKS

A Christmas Letter.

(By May Joanna Porter, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

One winter the ladies of Aspenville Church began late in February to prepare for the next Christmas; that is to say, they began to arrange a box of Christmas presents to send to a school in Japan.

When it was first spoken of they supposed that it might be sent off some time during the summer and they were quite surprised upon learning that it would be necessary to start it in May. On this account they went about the work with great energy, holding weekly meetings until all the articles for the box were made and packed.

The Junior Society of Christian Endeavor was invited to help in the pleasant task and most gladly accepted the invitation. The children made scrapbooks, and pin cushions, and needle books. Those who could knit made washcloths and balls and reins. Some of the older girls dressed little dolls quite tastefully and neatly.

Margaret Alden bought a very nice doll with her own pocket money and resolved to make it a full supply of clothing; an every day dress, a Sunday dress, a party dress, besides a coat and hat and underclothing. Now this was quite an effort for a girl twelve years of age, who passed several hours a day in school. But there was an hour every evening after supper when she amused herself as she pleased, and Margaret decided to devote this hour to sewing until the doll's clothes were finished. Thanks to her mother she already knew how to sew very well, and as Mrs. Alden cut out the various articles of clothing and gave a little bit of help where it was needed, the preparation of the doll's wardrobe went on quite prosperously. When at length it had been completed, Margaret exhibited it in triumph to the other members of the Junior Society.

'Oh! oh! oh!' exclaimed the girls, and even the boys, from the heights of prospective manhood, deigned to examine and admire the pretty things of Margaret's manufacture.

'It's perfectly lovely,' said Clara Dresden, 'I wish I were going to have just such a Christmas present myself.' Clara had always been particularly fond of dolls, so that

TOBOGGANING.

the other girls of her age, who had outgrown such childish pastime, were not surprised to hear her express this wish. Although they failed to repeat it, they were quite lavish in expressions of admiration. 'Beautiful, exquisite, pretty, sweet, lovely, dainty,' these were some of the adjectives repeated again and again.

Then when the doll was taken to the house where the ladies had assembled to pack the precious box, there was a similar scene. Every one declared that Margaret Alden had won especial credit by her faithful, persevering work.

The names of the children who had contributed to the box were written on slips of paper and fastened to the articles which they had made; so that when the box reached its destination in Japan, the teachers of the school knew exactly what American boys and girls had been busy planning a Merry Christmas for their distant cousins.

When the twenty-fifth of December arrived, the school had a festival very much like those that are held in America and every little child received a present made by the Junior Endeavorers of Aspenville. Margaret's doll, being so finely dressed, was given to the girl who had been the best scholar during the year. Pearl—for that was her name in English—was perfectly delighted with this great treasure. Not long afterward, when a severe illness came upon her, the doll was an especial comfort.

The next Christmas, or rather the day before, Margaret received a letter from one of the teachers in Japan. Would you like to read it?

'My Dear Margaret:—Although you have never seen me, I think you

will like to have a letter from me, and to receive tidings of the doll you sent last year across the sea. It was given as a reward to our best scholar, Pearl, and has been a help to her in many ways, making her life this year much pleasanter than it would otherwise have been. Soon after receiving it, she was ill with a heavy cold, and the doll was in bed with her most of the time. When she recovered she tried to make the doll's dresses like her own for the girls in the school, and in this way she has learned to sew very neatly. The next time she goes home for a vacation she will be able to teach her little sister how to sew, too, and you know that this will be a great advantage.

We are very thankful to you and to all the Aspenville children who have shown so much interest in our Japanese boys and girls, and we hope that you pray for them evey day that they may become Christian children, loving the Saviour who came into the world that he might take us to be with him in heaven. Yours affectionately.

PEARL'S TEACHER.'

Margaret was in an ecstasy of pleasure when this letter arrived? She ran about the house showing it to one member of the family after another, and then, finding this insufficient, she went out to find some of her girl friends and show it to them.

The next day she was the happy recipient of many gifts, all either useful or beautiful, but nothing pleased her more than her Christmas letter. Afterward whenever she counted over her Christmas presents, as children have a way of doing, she always ended the list in this way—'and then, you know, there was my letter from Japan.'

A Winter Sunbeam.

O sunbeam, O sunbeam!
I would be a sunbeam too!
When the winter chill
Hushes lark and rill;
When the thunder-showers
Bow the weeping flowers;
When the shadows creep,
Cold, and dark, and deep;
We would follow, swift and bright,
Blending all our love and light,
Chasing winter, grim and hoary,
Shining all the tears away;
Turning all the gloom to glory,
All the darkness into day.
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

How Toggles Thought It Out.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

(By Frederick Hall, in 'Sunday-School Times.')

Toggles's Sunday-school teacher had told him something he did not understand very well. As nearly as he could remember, she had said that some man had said that the whole world was like two great heaps, one of the happy things and the other of the unhappy things, and every time we took something from the unhappy heap, and put it on the happy heap, we made the whole world pleasanter and better. Then she had told them a story about how the man who said that had made the world happier by giving a penny to a little girl who had lost hers and was crying about it. Toggles thought it very unlikely that he should ever do a thing like that, because, even if he should meet such a litle girl, the chances were he wouldn't have any penny, and so he didn't know just what the teacher meant. If he had been at home with his own Sunday-school teacher, he might have asked; but, being at grandpa's on a visit, and having a new teacher, he just kept very quiet, and put the whole matter carefully away into the back of his head, to keep until he had time to think it over.

The time came the next afternoon, when he was out by the barn, digging in the load of new, fresh sand that grandpa had had dumped there on purpose for him. He made two great piles, as nearly of a size as he could, and the one by his left foot he called the happy pile, and then he would take a big trowel full of sand from the right-hand pile, and let it sift down on to the left-foot pile, and rejoice to see the unhappy heap grow smaller, and the happy heap grow bigger. And all the time he was thinking how to tell it to Mabel, who was Toggles's little sister, and who hadn't been to Sunday-school because she had torn a great hole in one of her new shoes, and the shoemaker had not fixed it yet.

It was while he was very busy there that mamma called him to come into the house. Grandpa had come back with the waggon, and was all ready to take him to the big factory where they made the kind of milk Toggles had seen the men squirt out of the cows into the thick, sticky milk that Toggles's mamma bought in cans at the grocery store. It was something Toggles was very much interested in, and he had asked so many questions about it that grandpa had promised to take him to see it done.

They were just ready to start, and grandpa had just said 'Get up!' to Dobbin, when Mabel, in her stocking feet, came running to the door.

'I want to go, too,' she called.

'Oh, no!' said mamma, 'you have not any shoes to put on. Why, what would the men in the big factory say if they were to see a little girl without any shoes?'

'I want to go,' repeated Mabel. 'I want to see them make the thick, sticky milk.'

'No,' said mamma, 'you can go some other time.'

And then Mabel began to cry, for she was littler than Toggles, and, all of a sudden Toggles thought of his two heaps.

'I can go some other time,' he said. 'Mabel can wear my shoes.'

And, sitting down on the steps, he began to unbutton them as fast as ever he could.

Grandpa and mamma did not say anything, while Mabel, with tear-stained cheeks, but as radiant as a little cherub, was pulling on the shoes Toggles had just taken off, but they looked at each other, and there were tears in mamma's eyes.

'Good-by,' called Mabel, as grandpa gathered up the reins. 'I wish you were going, too.'

'Oh! never mind,' answered Toggles, 'I can go some other time.'

And then, hurrying back to his piles, he fell to digging so hard that, long before grandpa and Mabel returned, the unhappy heap was gone, and only the great round happy heap remained.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' Subscribers for a list of ten subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of seven subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath-school or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE—A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following: Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

LESSON III.—JANUARY 18

Paul at Thessalonica and Berea.

Acts xvii., 1-12. Study Acts xvii., 1-15.

Golden Text.

Thy word is a lamp to my feet.—Psa. cxix., 105.

Home Readings

Monday, Jan. 12.—Acts xvii., 1-15.
Tuesday, Jan. 13.—John v., 32-39.
Wednesday, Jan. 14.—Deut. vi., 1-9.
Thursday, Jan. 15.—Ps. cxix., 1-12.
Friday, Jan. 16.—Ps. cxix., 52-60.
Saturday, Jan. 17.—Ps. cxix., 97-106.
Sunday, Jan. 18.—Ps. cxix., 129-140.

Suggestions

1. 'Now when they.' Paul, Silas, and Timothy (Acts xvi., 1-3, 25). The change from 'we' of Acts xvi., 10-15, to 'they' implies that Luke was left at Philippi. 'Through Amphipolis,' southwest from Philippi and Apollonia. Thirty miles further on toward Thessalonica. The missionaries did not stop long, probably overnight only, in either of these places. It was not wise to remain so near Philippi as Apollonia; in neither city was there a synagogue as a basis of operations. 'They came to Thessalonica,' about one hundred miles from Philippi. 'Thessalonica,' the largest city of Macedonia, named Thessalonica after the sister of Alexander the Great. 2. 'And Paul, as his manner (custom) was.'—To the Jew first was his wise custom, because they had been trained in the Scriptures and were best prepared to receive the fulfilment of the promises in Jesus Christ. 'Three Sabbath days.' That is, three weeks with their Sabbaths. This undoubtedly refers to the period of work within the circle of the synagogue, before he had to seek outside places for his work, as at the house of Jason. Three things show that his residence in the city must have been much longer. (1) His great success, as related in v. 4. (2) His own statements in his letter to the Thessalonians, chaps. 1, 2, imply a long and successful work there. (3) Although he supported himself in part by working with his own hands (1 Thes. ii., 9), yet he remained there long enough to receive help twice from Philippi, a hundred miles away, and it is reasonable to think of some interval between the gifts. 'He reasoned with them.' He showed his reasons for believing as he did, in the form of a dialogue or conversation. 'Out of the scriptures.' Paul set forth the arguments that proved that the Christ (the Messiah they were looking for) must needs have suffered. He is so pictured in the Scriptures. And any one claiming to be the Messiah, who did not suffer as foretold in Isa. liii., could not be the true Messiah. The absence of this mark would prove him an impostor. This portion of the Scriptures needed to be 'opened' and 'set forth' to them. For in dwelling upon the Messiah as a Deliverer, a Mighty Prince, they had neglected their other descriptions of him, for they could not put the two descriptions together. But Paul showed them that only by suffering could the Messiah be a Prince and Deliverer, and found the kingdom of heaven among men, and then he showed them that it was equally necessary that he must have risen again from the dead, for only as a living Saviour triumphant over death could he be the promised Deliverer and King. And that this Jesus exactly and perfectly fulfilled these conditions and was therefore the Christ. (4) And some of them (of the Jews) believed, or, were persuaded to accept of Jesus as their Messiah (v. 5). 'Lewd fellows of the baser sort,' loafers in the market-place (v. 6), 'Jason': Without doubt the host of Paul and Silas, a Thessalonian and a Christian convert. We possess no other information respecting Jason. Bring them out to the people. The mass of the people assembled in the public square, or market-place, so that the excited mob might inflict summary vengeance on them.

6. They drew (dragged with violence) Jason (as a Christian and harborer of Paul) and certain brethren, as the nearest substitutes on which to vent their passions, perhaps hoping to make them reveal where the missonaries were hidden, or to induce Paul and Silas to give themselves up in order to save their converts. These that have turned the world upside down. A testimony to the power and extent of Christianity. Christ foretold this result (Matt. x., 34; Luke xii., 53). Are come hither also. From Philippi, where similar opposition had been aroused. The business of the gospel is to turn the world upside down. It turns the world upside down because the wrong side is up, and the gospel has come to put the moral world right side up. A Yorkshire local preacher using for his text, 'These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also,' divided his sermon thus: (1) The world at first was put right side up. (2) Sin came and turned it upside down. (3) The world has got to be set right again. (4) We are the chaps to do it. V. 11. These were more noble, of more noble character. This nobility expressed itself (1) in that they received the word with all readiness of mind. Their minds were open to all truth from every source. They were not afraid of it because it was new. (2) And searched the scriptures. They did not take things by hearsay, but sought the truth for themselves. 'Search for the truth is the noblest occupation of man.' Such searchers are noble because they are governed by the highest qualities of mind and heart, and because they receive the truth only on good evidence.

12. Therefore, as the result of this study, many of them believed; also of honorable women. Of good position, rank and wealth, as in Thessalonica, v. 4. Paul seems to have remained some time at Berea, but after a time unbelieving Jews from Thessalonica came and stirred up so much opposition that it seemed best for Paul to leave, and he departed to Athens, leaving Silas and Timothy for a while longer at Berea.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 18.—Topic—Endeavorers in training for church work. Acts ii., 17, 18; Prov. ii., 1-8; Mark i., 16-20.

Character Will Shine.

(L. A. Banks.)

A jeweller in a Western town recently found a precious treasure in a peculiar place. His home coffee mill was broken, and he took it apart to find what was the trouble. He discovered that it had been wrecked by the action of a stone of some sort that had even cut its way into the metal of the grinders. He took the stone to his jewellery store, and putting it under a microscope, discovered that it was a large diamond of the blue tint variety, and worth about two hundred dollars. It is thought that the diamond got mixed up with the coffee when the grain was screened in South Africa, where the coffee was raised. The diamond was about the size of a coffee grain, and had the same dull color.

What a striking illustration of the value of reality over sham and pretense! The diamond was plain and unpretentious, but being a diamond, wherever it was found, no matter how humble the circumstances or associations, it was a precious treasure. So true character will ever come to its own in the end. It may be neglected and forgotten for a while, but genuine manhood and womanhood, however humble their associations, will make themselves felt, and God will honor them in his own good time.

The City of Utopia.

(A Stanley Brussell, in 'The New Voice.')

In the course of my travels, I happened, one day
To be in a city some distance away;
I liked its appearance, and made up my mind
That a while I would stay, if attractions I'd find.

I strolled through a neatly paved, clean little street,
Filled with noises of business and patter of feet.
The people, tho' busy, seemed happy and gay,
And went at their work in a satisfied way.

Said I to myself: 'It's the very first town
That I've struck where the people don't all wear a frown;
Here there must be no trouble or sadness or woe,
Like the place up above, where we all hope to go.'

Then after some strolling, I thought 'twould be best
To sit in their neat little park and take rest.
It was at noon, and the children from school
Were romping at play in the broad shadows cool.

And I couldn't help notice how clean and how neat,
The youngsters were dressed from their head to their feet;
Their faces were washed and their shoes had a shine,
I couldn't help saying: 'Well, isn't that fine?'

And the working men, each going home to his cot,
Were a fine-looking, cleanly, respectable lot;
Their faces were smiling, they talked without oath,
They seemed happy and healthy, and plenty of both.

Then I sat there and mused, and I let my thoughts roam
Back to the great city wherein was my home;
'What a difference,' thought I, 'twixt that city of vice,
And this neat little place where all seems so nice.

'There the streets are so dirty, the people so gruff,
And the laboring-man's ignorant, filthy, and rough.
There the low, fallen women are brazen and bold,
And there's real joy in nothing, save chase of the gold.'

I woke from my reverie deep, just to see
A bright-looking officer walking toward me.
He swung his club gaily and whistled a tune,
As evidently happy as birds are in June.

I called out to him and beckoned him nigh,
For I wanted to find out the real reason why
All things seemed so good in this part of the land,
And I asked him this question while shaking his hand:

'Now, friend, will you tell me, I'm anxious to know,
Why things in this city just seem to be so?'

He smiled as he answered, and near struck me dumb,
As he proudly said: 'Well, sor, we don't 'low no rum.'

Ah, the light then broke o'er me, I then saw a cure
For the modern Gomorrah, and one that was sure:
We might save our city and save it right soon,
If once we were rid of the liquor Saloon.

The Evil Effects of Tobacco.

('The Voice.')

Tobacco owes its evil properties to a heavy oil which it contains known as nicotine. It contains also various other poisons which are similarly injurious, but less deadly. Nicotine is one of the most powerful of all known poisons. It is almost as potent for evil as prussic acid. One-fourth of a drop of nicotine will kill a frog; one-seventh of a drop placed on a cat's tongue has produced instant death. Two or three drops distilled into the ear of a sleeping man once produced death. A child died from an application of a little oil from its grandmother's pipe to a burn upon its forehead. A decoction of tobacco is used for killing parasites upon sheep and other animals. The smoke of tobacco is used for destroying green flies and other pests in greenhouses. The first attempt to use tobacco generally makes a person very sick, even though the amount used is very small. It is clearly a deadly poison. A cigarette contains enough nicotine to kill two frogs. A single cigar contains enough to kill two men.

The poisonous effect of tobacco upon the body are manifested in many ways, especially the following:

1. The production of various nervous disorders, such as weakness of the heart, general nervousness, irritability, blindness.

2. The use of tobacco, especially in the form of chewing, destroys digestion, disorders the liver, and produces Bright's disease.

3. A general cachexia or a state of chronic poisoning, indicated by emaciation, dingy skin, lustreless eye, weakness of muscles, brain, and nerves, not infrequently results from the use of tobacco.

4. Its dwarfing effects upon boys is so generally recognized that in many countries, as France and Switzerland, and in some of the States of the Union, its use is forbidden to boys under eighteen years of age. The tobacco-using habit has no redeeming features whatever. It is only evil and leads to other evils, such as the use of alcohol and other narcotics.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE CRUSADE HONOR ROLL.

For Week Ending Monday Night, Dec. 29

FLORENCE McCARTHY, Roebuck, Ont.
MRS. GEORGE SHARPE, Dryden, Ont.
*W. WORDEN, Acton, Ont.
BEULAH ELLIOTT, Montreal.
S. F. CRAWFORD, Sandwick, B.C.
**SUSIE G. RUSSELL, Essex, Ont.
KATE E. HAGEN, Livingstone Creek, O.
J. B. MOREHOUSE, Morehouse, N.B.
M. M. CONNORS, Morehouse, N.B.

Total Signatures to date 57,216. 2,441
Pledges Received Since Last Issue.

Those with this mark after their names have sent in at least forty signatures to the pledge. Each additional list of twenty names entitles the sender to an additional *

FLORENCE McCARTHY, Roebuck, Ont. heads this list, as her list was the first received for the week beginning Tuesday, Dec. 23.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Jan. 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

Dear Children:

We want to thank you all for the nice letters you have written to this department of the 'Messenger' during the past year. We especially enjoyed receiving so many kind wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year and in return we hope all our readers will have the best of bright new years, keep strong and well during the next twelve months, and always strive hard to be true and honest, and noble and faithful soldiers of Christ.

We may mention here that a number of grown people have remarked how much more interesting the children's letters have been during the last six or seven months than formerly. We hope this interest will continue. Readers will notice that when they tell about some event in their home lives or some little story about the places where they have visited, then their letters are printed in full. But when they merely string facts together like, 'I go to school. I have three brothers. I have two dogs. My teacher's name is ——,' then very often the letter is put aside, or only mentioned as having been written. Try to be entertaining when you write, and remember that all letters should be written in ink and on one side only of the paper. Once more wishing you a happy New Year, your friend,

The Editor of the Correspondence Dept.

Strathcona, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My name is George Hunter. I am ten years old. I go to school, and my teacher's name is P. D. Shorey. My brother Leslie is fifteen years old; he is a coachman, and he works for my uncle in London, Ont. My brother Willie was visiting my Aunt Lillie, in Cleveland, Ohio; he only stayed one month and he got home-sick; we expect him home this week; he is coming all alone, and he is only twelve years old. We have a black and white cow and calf, and four hens and two little black chickens. I like to read the letters in the 'Northern Messenger'; we get it in Sunday-school. My sister Lily is writing a letter, too. Good-bye.
From GEORGE MILTON HUNTER.

Forest City, Me.

Dear Editor,—I will try to describe this place. We live in New Brunswick on the border line next to the State of Maine; a bridge divides New Brunswick from Maine; we are at the head waters of the St. Croix River. My father keeps a store on both sides of the river; his old store on the American side was burned June 20 last, but he is now in the same business.
ALICE H. I.

Marburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm and I like it very much; I am ten years old; I go to school, and I am in the third class, and my teacher's name is Miss Blaikie. We have four cows and two calves; I have one cow of my own; I call her 'Lillie'; I milk her night and morning and she is very quiet. We have two steers; their names are 'Dick' and 'Charlie.' We have also a dog named 'Sport,' and a heifer named 'Lucy.' This spring when the water was high in the creek I caught a lot of fish with a spear.
H. P.

Bridgetown, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I enclose a list of 13 new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' for thirteen weeks at 7 cents. I also send ten names to receive the paper free of charge. I think the papers will do more good and give more pleasure than any other way I could use the premium you offer. I am going to try for more names. My aunt, Mrs. H. MacLean, gave me her 'Messenger' this year, but it is to come in my name next year. My mamma died nearly five years ago, and my brother and I live with our auntie, who has taken the 'Weekly Witness' thirty-three years and would not be without it. I was nine years old on May 12. I am in the fifth grade; I love my teacher, Miss M. Neily, and I think everyone does. We have a large St. Bernard dog, three horses, three large colts, and one baby colt named 'Grace E.' We have eight tiny chickens, very smart and pretty, and many other pets. This is my first letter to an editor. With best wishes, your little friend,
GLADYS VAN B.

(What a bright little girl you must be to get so many subscribers. We are much obliged to you for your trouble.—Ed.)

Grove Union, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school every day; I am in the second reader; my teacher's name is Miss E. Randall. We have Sunday-school at our school-house, where I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday; I like to read the correspondence very much. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss A. Glover. I live on a farm about two miles and a half from Waterford. My father has horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, etc. I have a little sister three years old; her name is Edna. We have two cats, 'Coonie' and 'Tommy,' and one dog 'Rover,' who will roll over. Is any little girl's birthday the same as mine, July 22?
MAUD S.

Rowena, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I like it very much. This is the first letter I have written, and I would like to see it in the correspondents' list. I am thirteen years old; I go to school; my teacher's name is Miss Bessie Curry; and we like her very much. We have Sunday-school every Sabbath morning and prayer-meeting in the evening. I have four brothers, and we live handy to a mill; papa and my brothers work in the mill. We have one horse and three head of cattle and one pig and thirty hens. I have for pets two dogs and three cats.
THURSBY C. C.

South View Villa, Darlington, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for nearly ten years and have never before written a letter to it. We live in a large brick house on a farm where the soil will grow nearly everything; we live a mile and a half from Lake Ontario and nearly a quarter of a mile from the track. I have one brother nine years old and no sisters. I saw in the paper a girl my age, thirteen years, Viola Van Wagner, 22 Franklin street, Santa Cruz, Cal., wanted to correspond with some other girl. My birthday is on Nov. 28, and will Viola, in her next letter, please tell me when her birthday is? It was Rally Day at our Sunday-school on Sept. 28, and we reviewed the lessons for last quarter; I am in the senior fourth reader.
INOS THYPHERNIA PEACE.

Mail Bag.

Bosworth, Ont., Dec. 11, 1902.

John Dougall & Son:

Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed the sum of two dollars for my renewal to the 'Weekly Witness' and 'Northern Messenger'; also three subscriptions to the 'Messenger.' I am sending it to a few of my grandchildren, two of them in Manitoba and one in this neighborhood. I think a good paper like the 'Messenger' the best and cheapest Christmas present that I can send the little ones, a present that lasts the whole year. I sent in a hundred names to the 'Messenger' pledge roll, and received the picture. I got them all in our own Sunday-school and neighborhood.
Yours sincerely,
MRS. E. GREEN.

London, Ont., Dec. 15, 1902.

Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed express order for $1 in payment for one new and three renewal subscriptions for 'Northern Messenger' for coming year. I have received the 'Messenger' for fourteen years, and like its bright and wholesome reading so much that I pass it on, and speak a good word for it whenever I can. Wishing you a prosperous New Year, I am, yours truly,
(Mrs.) E. RYDER.

HOUSEHOLD.

An Unwise Management.

('The Christian Intelligencer.')

'When I was fifteen and very fond of managing,' said a woman of fifty, 'a bit of advice was given me by an aged aunt. She said, "Hepsy, dear, the world went on very well before you were born, and it won't go to pieces when you die. Don't feel that you must be conductor, engineer and fireman all in one."'

The wish to manage is inborn in some natures. They cannot be contented to let other people alone in the smaller affairs of the home; they interfere, and adjust, and ordain, often to their own disturbance and to the embarrassment of those who prefer their own way. In parents and teachers the continual effort to manage makes children either weak or wilful; it is much better for the latter to depend more on themselves within certain limits, than to wait for orders. This is one reason why for some children it is better to be at school, away from home, than lean upon father and mother in every detail of life.

The woman who acquires the art of managing her kitchen without taking away all liberty from her domestics will have a happier home, and few changes among her servants than she who controls each portion of the work, from building the fire in the morning to locking the doors at evening. Too much management is very poor economy, and it defeats its own end. In contrast to no management at all, overmanagement may be tolerable, yet experience shows that the former lack of method is by no means hurtful where the home atmosphere is healthful. One seldom sees shipwreck in young people who have lived where the law of kindness has been ever on the lips of their elders, and where integrity has been at the foundation of the home life, for children are imitative beings and love is a great safeguard. Overdisciplined children, who are managed and watched, and governed from the outside merely, are very apt to wander from rectitude when the strong hand is withdrawn.

Selected Recipes

Ginger Sherbet.—Cut fine one-fourth of a pound of Canton ginger, add one quart of water and one cup of sugar, and boil fifteen minutes. When cold, add half a cup of orange juice, and one-third cup of lemon juice, strain and freeze' using in packing the freezer three portions of ice to one of salt.

Charlotte Russe.—Half an ounce of gelatine, whites of two eggs, one pint cream; sweeten and season to taste. Set your cream on ice until very cold, then whip with an egg beater to a stiff froth; beat the eggs to a froth, and whip into the cream; season, and stir in the gelatine, dissolved in half a pint of water; set upon ice until time to use. It will harden in an hour and keep over night. For dinner it should be served with sponge cake inside the dish; for supper, without.

Curried Rice.—Curried rice is made in various ways. One way is to fry some sliced onions in butter, then thicken the butter with curry powder, making it of the thickness of a smooth sauce. Then put in the meat, game, or fish to be curried, which should be cut into moderately small pieces. When warmed thoroughly, place the mixture in the middle of a well-heated dish, and round the curry a wall of rice, that has been carefully boiled with a little salt in the water. The rice when served should be whole and dry.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y., or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger.' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

A LITERARY FRIEND.

'World Wide' is the title of the latest addition to the family of 'Witness' publications. It is now in its third year, and shows prodigious brain development. It seeks the society of thinking men and women, who in turn find it a charming companion. The articles reproduced in 'World Wide' are selected from a wide range of leading publications—principally British and American. All subjects of world wide importance are discussed by eminent writers from different points of view, and an effort is made to select without bias the best articles on each subject as they appear each week in the leading publications of the world. High politics, literature, art, music and science all pass in review week by week in the columns of 'World Wide.' It appeals to the more intelligent in every community and in some of the leading Canadian schools is used as a sort of text book to give the senior classes a taste for such reading. To use an old but expressive saying, 'it is a feast of reason and a flow of soul.'

The quality of paper used and the general appearance of 'World Wide' will be vastly superior to that of last year, though the annual subscription price remains the same.

Three cents a copy at all news stands, or one dollar a year. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal.

The 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide' supplement each other. Both together for $1.50 per annum.

The Pledge Crusade.

If you have not already signed the 'Messenger' Temperance Pledge Roll would you not like to sign your own name to the following solemn pledge and get others who have not aready signed to do the same? These forms may then be cut out and forwarded to the Temperance Department, 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Building, Montreal, where they will be collated and registered with the Dominion Alliance for safe keeping. These forms may be sent in with the renewal subscription. If sent separately, don't forget to put a two-cent stamp on the envelope.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE ROLL.

I solemnly promise by the grace of God that I will abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and will discountenance such use by others.

NAME.	ADDRESS.
.....	.....
.....	.....
.....	
.....	.....
.....	.....
.....	.....
In witness whereof	.....

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S COCOA

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. Sold in ¼ lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ld., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

GIVING STRENGTH & VIGOR.

Write for Announcement of the Northern Business College, Owen Sound, Ontario, the leading College in the Dominion. C. A. Fleming, Principal

USE **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

GOOD CANVASSERS WANTED

TO PUSH A DOLLAR PROPOSITION ON A

50% COMMISSION.

IT APPEALS STRONGLY TO THE BEST PEOPLE IN EVERY LOCALITY.

No experience necessary. No deposit required. School teachers succeed well. Must furnish minister's recommendation.

Address AGENT MANAGER,
P. O. Box 2284, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'